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100 Nights in New York City at the  
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From the Story of

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MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 22nd.

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Single tickets, 50c. Reserved

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"Well, yes; that there is a panther

hide," said old Mose Boddie, pointing

to a nondescript-looking affair that lay

upon the punchbowl floor of his cabin.

"Don't look much like it, do it?"

The hide in question was mummy of

hue, and well "frazzled" at the edges,

while it had evidently once possessed

much more hair than it did at present.

"You see," continued Mose, "me an'

my wife, Canady, have raised nine

children, one after another, an' they're

all wellered over it, lettin' alone usin'

it for a bed kiver every winter for

twenty years, come next January."

Mose was a grizzled hunter of the

Blue Ridge mountains, whose long rifle

and coonskin pouch were better known

in the wilds of Rabun county, Ga., in

those days, than the personalities of

many more widely noted men. His

cabin was a shell of half-rotten logs,

with a dirt floor and a rough board roof

held down by rocks and poles, instead

of the less cumbersome but more ex-

pensive nail. In summer it was airy;

in winter smoky and cold. Dried ven-

ison and bear's meat hung from the

grimy joists; lean hounds slept in the

ashes of the fireplace; on the outer walls

were stretched the skins of foxes, coons

and groundhogs, as odorous trophies of

the chase.

Canada was a lank, sallow woman,

clad in dirty homespun. She sat in a

splint-bottom chair, "grittin' up roas-

in' ears" for the daily supply of "grit"

bread. Several ragged, dirt-eating

children squatted about, vacantly sil-

ent and staring. The youngest lay

munching a bacon rind upon the

panther skin, while Mose himself was

cutting some greased wads for his rifle.

"Panthers nowadays is about as scarce

as men's teeth," he went on. "But

weren't so in my younger days. That

there hide was off'n my first one,

though I've knocked over a many a one

sense."

So Mose repeated the oft-told tale

that hunters everywhere delight to

hear. But, without following his

peculiar idiom, it may be said that his

narrative ran somewhat as follows:

Several years before his marriage he

had lived in the same cabin with his

mother. One bitter winter's night, he

and a younger sister were left alone,

their mother having gone down to Lad-

der Gap, seven miles below, on a trad-

ing expedition to the nearest store.

She would not be back before the next

day. Mose was then a lad of sixteen,

and his sister Johanna might have

been three or four years his junior.

The winter was a severe one, and

there being no "mast" in the woods,

wild animals, as well as many tame

ones, were famishing. Bears had been

seen down in the coves, and the wolf's

melancholy howl was heard at night

with unusual frequency. It was said

that a large panther—the rarest of

wild beasts that prowled those mountain

regions—had caught a young steer

close by Jabe Whiting's cow pen, and

many were the injunctions laid on

Mose and Johanna by their mother

not to stir outside the cabin walls after

dark.

When night came on, they brought

in the yellow cur dog, built up a

roaring fire in the fireplace, and felt

quite cozy, despite the cold draughts pouring

in through the half-chinked logs; nor

did they heed the wind's sad whistle

down the chimney, as "Yaller creek"

moaned in the ravine outside.

They went to bed early to keep warm

as the fire grew low. Mose was drift-

ing into a doze when he heard his

house cat meowing outside. Presently

a plaintive cry sounded up the ravine

not unlike that of a child in distress

but for its ending in a prolonged snarl.

The cat redoubled its entreaties and

scratched at the door. Mose rose shiv-

ering, and, slipping the bar, let the

poor thing in. The dog now began to

growl, interspersing his plaints with

sundry whinnies indicative of fear as

buried in the ragged quilt. Mose

looked hastily around for some kind of

a weapon.

Though he had been at first fright-

ened by the sounds of an uncompre-

hended danger the sight of a visible

peril restored his nerve.

"Keep quiet, Johanna!" he cautioned.

"The creature can't do nothin' yet

awhile."

The family spinning wheel was still

standing where their mother had left

it that very morning, after spinning

the "rilla" of some jeans she intend-

ed to weave.

Hardly realizing exactly what he

was doing Mose jerked the long head-

post from its socket, with its trans-

verse steel spindle, then, swinging it

high, he brought it down with all its

strength. The sharp point of the spin-

dle was driven through the yellow

paw, far into the leg beneath. With a

snarl of pain and anger the beast stro-

ve to withdraw its foot; but the upper

leg, catching the head-post, it did not

succeed.

There was a hatchet lying in the

crack above. Mose seized it, and with

frantic strokes drove the spindle fur-

ther into the leg. At every blow the

animal without growled and whined

alternately. Johanna watched her

brother, clasping her hands and shud-

dering. When she saw that all the

beast's efforts to release itself were fu-

tile, she gave a little nervous cry of re-

lief.

"Massy me, Mose!" she exclaimed:

"how can we uns get any sleep with

that there leg a holdin' to the bed

kiver?"

But she did go to sleep after awhile,

despite the dolorous noises with which

the imprisoned animal testified to its

dislike of these proceedings. Mose,

however, kept wide awake and watch-

ful. He was more keenly alive to the

possible noise attaching to so noisy a

neighbor. The dog remained

cowed and subdued.

Morning at length came, when, not-

withstanding Johanna's entreaties,

Mose armed himself with an ax and

sallied forth to view his mysterious

and half-conquered prisoner. He found,

as he expected, a large panther cling-

ing to the wall of the cabin, now deep-

ly scared by its claws in vain efforts

to release itself.

It was still furious, though wearied,

and its eyes shone with a yellow flame.

He dared not approach it closely, so

violent were its lunges at sight of the

lad; so, taking Johanna along, they

trudged two miles to Jabe Whiting's

cabin. Jabe was not at home, but a

long rifle hung over the fireplace.

Carefully loading it, Mose and Johanna

started back. Arriving at their home,

they found the panther a good deal as

they had left it, and the dog barking

at the beast with recovered courage.

"Now, Jo," said Mose, resting his

gun on the garden fence. "Now, Jo,

you stand back. I'm a-going to take

him right behind the foreshoulder.

See if I don't."

The brute lunged frightfully, utter-

ing a fierce scream as the ball flew

true, then hung limp and struggling.

Mose reloaded and gave it another

shot to make sure; then, the look off

his hat and gave a youthful imitation

of what afterward was known to fame

as the "Rebel Yell." When his mother

arrived, Mose was quietly skinning his

victim, with Johanna watching in dumb

admiration. The bloody spindle and

battered head-post leaned against the

cabin wall. She looked at her children,

at the dead panther, and finally at the

much-valued spindle. Her first words

characterized the contempt of danger

and absence of petty solicitude which

the savage isolation of mountain life

engendered and encouraged.

"Good Lord, Mose!" she exclaimed.

"What have we been a-doin' to my

spinnin' wheel?"

Mose and Johanna volubly explained,

while Mrs. Boddie's manner seemed to

divide itself between admiration of

her boy's pluck, gratitude at their

escape and censure of the reckless

method pursued against the panther.

Finally, after giving each of her chil-

dren a hug, she delivered herself judi-

cially, as follows:

"If it weren't that this yere panther

might have ketch'd the roan heifer as

we was driv' down the gap, I'd natch-

ly wear ye both plum out for touchin'

of that there wheel at all!"

"And, gentlemen," concluded old

Mose, eying the ancient hide affec-

tionately, "she was a woman as p'int-

edly mean'd jest what she said. She'd

'a put the wooden me-shure, if I hadn't

'a had that there panther to show for

mom mikin' up her spinnin' wheel."

The Wing Area of Flying Animals.

A French naturalist has shown that

the wing area of flying animals varies

from about forty-nine square feet per

pound of weight in the gnat and five

square feet in the swallow to half a

square foot per pound of weight in the

Australian crane, which weighs twenty-

one pounds and yet flies well. If we

were to adopt the last or smallest pro-

portion, a man weighing one hundred

and sixty-eight pounds would require

a pair of wings each of their fourteen

feet long by three feet broad, or double

the area of an ordinary room door, to

carry him, without taking into account